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"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING, SISTER?"

PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

We go forth not merely to gain a partisan advantage, but pledged to give to those who trust us the utmost benefits of a pure and honest administration of national affairs.—GROVER CLEVELAND.

The blainiac siege of Ohio is an interesting spectacle. To gain the vote of an "October State," the Republican candidate for the Presidency is dragged around the country by a mob of low politicians, and put on exhibition like a two-headed girl or a prize ox. Tired, worn-out, discouraged, he must keep up the doleful round, haranguing curious crowds, who flock to see him just as they would flock to see Butler or Oscar Wilde or any other curiosity. The crowds gape at Mr. Blaine, and Mr. Blaine tells the crowds that he is glad to see them, and that their town is quite the finest town he knows of, and that it possesses a peculiar interest for him. Then the band plays, and Mr. Blaine is bundled into a train and hurried on to the next stopping-place to go through the same farce with a new name for the town of his admiration. Pleasing, dignified performance, is it not? Great heavens, what a price to pay for the whistle of political ambition! Very few men would care to have the highest office in the land at the cost of that self-respect and dignity which in the incumbent makes the place of worth.

And even this price is not all that must be paid if Blaine is to carry Ohio. The sight of the great magnetic leader is not enough, it seems, to rouse the masses to enthusiasm. The loyal blainiac heart will not, it appears, beat with aggressiveness unless its valves are lubricated with "soap." Votes must be bought, the rag-tag and bobtail of little towns hired to vote early and often, if the party is to roll up an encouraging majority this month. This is what has come of the nomination of the brilliant and popular candidate, for whom we were told last June that vast multitudes were crying, like

babes for soothing-syrup. Why, there was not a nonentity, a nobody, a little local mugwump in the Chicago Convention who could not have made an easier fight for the Presidency than this. Even to the brazenest traffickers in office and political influence the truth must be slowly coming home that the people are sick of corruption, and that no corrupt man will ever be put in the Presidential chair by an honest, unbought popular vote.

If Ohio is to be Republican, it must be through the corruption of the corruptible element, and for that purpose will be spent the money wrung from the reluctant government clerks. A great deal of money it will take, too; and Maine has already taken a great deal of money; and the Republican coffers this year are not overflowing, as is well known. It is evident that Mr. Blaine and his camp-followers are paying a pretty heavy price for their whistle. And it would be well for respectable Republicans to pause just at this period and consider whether they too are not paying an extravagant price for their whistle. It is a great thing, undoubtedly, to keep the Presidency in the party; but it is possible that this luxury may be gained at too great a cost. Say that Mr. Blaine is elected, what will the Republican party have for all it has given? A dishonored officer, whose confessed disgrace has been trumpeted to the four quarters of the earth; whose abuse of his political power is a matter of public record, and whose entire past gives every reason to believe that his administration will be corrupt, unprincipled, unwise and unworthy.

And for this, what will Republicans have paid! The money they will have spent is a small consideration, except that its use for dishonest ends stains the men who supplied it. But the cost in other ways will be more serious. To put this man in office, the grand traditions of the party must be abandoned—the traditions of integrity and high principle. "Moral ideas" must be laid aside, as things of the past. Republicans, individually and jointly, must put themselves on record as willing to condone corruption to party ends. They can never again claim to be the standard-bearers of purity and patriotism. It would perhaps be well if Republicans paused to-day to ask themselves whether this price is not more than they are willing to pay to put a bad Republican in office and keep a good Democrat out.

The very graves open to bear their testimony against Blaine. Lot M. Morrill, being dead, yet hath spoken with clear vigor of condemnation. And the patriots and statesmen of the past to whom, as to the Saviour of the world, the irreverent newspapers in Mr. Blaine's employ have compared their master—these great men dead have left behind them their recorded abhorrence of such principles and practices as find favor in the sight of Whitelaw Reid and William Walter Phelps. "What would be the opinion?" asked our first President: "when it comes to be related that George Washington had received twenty thousand dollars, * * * for an interest" in a financial venture whose fortunes might have been affected by legislation. Nothing of this sort ever "came to be related" of George Washington. Many things of this sort have "come to be related" of James G. Blaine. If Mr. Blaine chooses to ask a similar question, honest Republicans can supply him with the answer.

At first we thought it was accidental, but more recent developments have shown us conclusively that the young women of this country have banded themselves together for the purpose of establishing an aristocracy of coachmen. Our women of fashion have always longed for a real American order of knighthood—a superior class of beings who could stand on a social plane similar to that of the noblesse of the effete monarchies of Europe. They thought of making the dudes the aristocrats of the land; but it wouldn't do. Ever since the street-boys took to tying tin kettles to the tails of the dudes' Newmarket coats, and chasing the hapless slims up Fifth Avenue, it has been apparent that it would not do to raise them to the peerage. Then Nellie Hubbard started the coachman "boom," which has since taken such a strong hold on American womanhood. To-day the coachman stands before the world as the only man whose social supremacy all true Americans must acknowledge.

It may not be generally understood that at the various railroad stations drop-boxes are put to receive newspapers for the benefit of people lying ill in the various hospitals.

These are collected at given periods, and delivered at the hospitals. It is refreshing to observe a man reading our esteemed schoolmate, *The Rural New Yorker*, to find out how to get the bull out of the apiary in case of fire, at the time when the doctors are probing for several bullets in the occipital region of his brain. It is also pleasant to the lover of journalism to see a man who has had his arms cut off reading the *Independent* spread out on the floor, and turning over the pages with his feet.

But to the hospital. The other day the man who brought the bag into the room dumped the contents on the floor and went out to get a drink of ice-water.

No sooner had he turned his back than every patient jumped off his couch and made a rush for the pile. Men who hadn't been on their feet for a month ran as though trying to break the record, and all the air was full of crutches, bandages and fumes of arnica seven feet thick.

Finally from the human pile a small man with two broken legs, a bad scalp-wound and a voice like a quail, crawled forth, and squeaked:

"Eureka!"

The rest looked dejected as they crawled back to their cots. Because they had all been diving for one thing, and the disappointed ones were prostrated with sorrow when they looked across and saw the little broken-up man grinning over his prize, PUCK ON WHEELS; which may now be had at all news-stands for the shy, modest, coy, retiring sum of twenty-five cents.

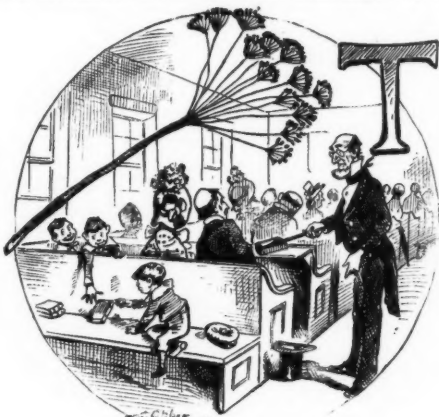
A TOUCHING SCENE.



THE MEETING OF THE AMICABLE EMPERORS.

CARAWAY MEMORIES.

ON PICKING UP A CASUAL SPECIMEN OF A ONCE FAMILIAR AID TO RELIGIOUS WAKEFULNESS.



THE SPRIG OF CARAWAY, oh, the sprig of caraway!
I'm back again to meetin'-house and Summer
Sabbath morn.
There's rust upon the plowshare on the Lord
His holy day,
And silent by the doorway hangs the old tin
dinner-horn.
The city's buzz grows fainter as I hear the par-
son's tones—
He is laying down the Gospel on a strictly
sulphur base;
I am wriggling like a garter-snake that's got
among the stones;
And along the whole pine seat there ain't
one single easy place.

In my nankeen breeches pocket I have got a copper cent,
And my mother gave it to me for to lend unto the Lord—
There! I've dropped it in the box, and heard it jingle as it went—
And for purposes of marbles it'll never be restored.
I'm a-doing now, a-doing—I can faintly hear the hum
Of the insects in the trees that don't respect the Lord His day—
And betwixt me and my slumber I see a small hand come,
And slip between my lips a little sprig of caraway.
I'm awake again—it's vanished—yes, the little freckled hand,
And Mattie's small sunbonnet just beside me on the seat—
And mooning o'er a spriglet of caraway I stand
That some gawk from 'way up country has let fall upon the street.

REMARKS BY ME.

Anastasia Euphrosyne Jane, joy of my heart, daughter of my soul, I have somewhat to say to you. Your rosy ear is resting on your rosy palm. Lift it, and hear the words of wisdom which your uncle will pour forth.

You have come back from the seashore; from three long months of riding and rowing and swimming and lawn-tennis. You have had what you love to call a good time, and you are naturally sorry that it is over. But there is a deeper sadness in your young breast than this natural sorrow will account for. You watch the familiar faces reappear on the streets; you see the gradual reassembling of the gay mob that will whirl and buzz all through the coming season. You see the theatres opening; you hear preliminary murmurs of opera. Pretty soon you will be going to the National Academy, and to hear Cable and Mark Twain read; and you will be dancing at Delmonico's and drinking bouillon at Mrs. Popplethorpe-Smith's Wednesdays, and looking at rugs and pictures at the Sherwood Building receptions. And you are bound that you will do it all with a dull ache at the heart.

It is that athletic young fellow in his junior year at Harvard, who won the tennis championship with you, down at the seashore. He is what's the matter. You are perfectly certain that he is back at Harvard, forgetting you. And you are probably quite right. And you can't forget him. And so you must go through all the Winter's revelry with that dull pain at your heart.

I dare say so. You can if you want to, Anastasia Euphrosyne Jane; but there isn't the slightest necessity for it. Oh, no, I don't at all deny that you are in love; and I am willing to admit that he plays tennis very well, and is a fair sort of young fellow, altogether. And I don't deny that you have got a dull pain at your heart, and that, by judicious "nussing," you can make that dull pain last through the Winter. But don't do it, Anastasia Euphrosyne Jane. It won't pay. A dull pain at the heart inevitably brings on dyspepsia. You don't want your parents to ship you off to Florida in the

early Spring, do you? And then, bless your soul, what's the use? You aren't in love with him, do you know it? You are in love with the happy Summer; with the sad, sweet sentiment of that last dip in the ocean; with a thousand pleasant memories with which his white-flannelled image has chanced to get entangled.

I've been there, my girl. Many years ago, when Long Branch was rustic, I wooed a maid on the September sands. She hung her gentle head, but she rejected me. We are now glad she did; both of us. She has married very well, and has a charming family, including an especially charming daughter. I, for my part, have been spreading my affections out among her lovely sex ever since. I have had lots more fun than I should if she had accepted me. Our present divided felicity comes of not cherishing dull aches at the heart. Take pattern by us. I am your wise old mentor, guide and adopted uncle. She is your esteemed mother. Nay, never fear that your papa will be jealous.



She was ten and I was eight, Euphrosyne, when we had that dull-aching match by the sound-ing sea.
ME.

Puckerings.



THE SUMMER is over,
The aster is blowing
Beside the calm stream in
The dell.
Then, Mary Jemima
Louisa Belinda,
My '84 charmer,
Farewell.

No more we'll a-Maying
Go down in the boglet,
When moonbeams are
gilding
The stump.
No more o'er the streamlet
To dodge the boy's shin-
ney
Asswift as chain-lightning
We'll jump.

No more at red flannel
We'll daintily nibble,
And get on the terri-
ble hook.
The Summer is over—
We'll never, oh, never
Be fried by a grinning
French cook.

PATCH-WORK—Hoing.

RIGHT AND "LEFT"—Cleveland and Blaine.

A MORGANATIC WEDDING—A Wedding at
St. Thomas's.

SOME MORE OF PUCK'S E. C.'s—*All the Year
Round*—An Apple. *The Cleveland Leader*—
George William Curtis.

WE PRESUME that St. John is too much of a temperance man to use an umbrella; and when a watermelon is put on the table, he probably gets it all. In other words, he might be called the amphibious candidate.

AN ENRAGED poet writes to say that he recently had some verses printed in which the word "Khartoum" came out "bantam." His opinion is that every proof-reader should be sent to the House of Correction.

TEACHER (*to class in history*).—What became of the *Santa Maria* after Columbus had finished his voyages of discovery?

BRIGHT PUPIL.—She was turned over to the United States, and is now in the U. S. Navy.

A MAN OUT West tried his razor on his face, and found it would not cut a hair. Then he thought he would find out how dull it really was by trying it on his thumb. Several minutes later he sat on the back stoop fastening the end of his thumb on with rubber-cement, and wondering how such things could possibly be.

THE GREAT philosopher Anonymous remarks that a wicked man could never be happy, though he had the riches of Croesus, the empire of Cyrus, and the glory of Alexander. Wealth and honors can never cure a wounded conscience. This we print for the benefit of Mr. Blaine, who should cut it out, and insert it between the lining of his hat and the great anti-sunstroke cabbage-leaf.

THIS is the time of the year that the average insurance company becomes jealous of the grocer who gives a chromo to every purchaser of a pound of coffee, and gets up a calendar that just knocks the sanguinary glamour off a blazing Autumn forest, and gives it away right and left so rapidly that in three weeks there isn't one left. The calendar is not so much of a success as a thing of beauty as it is in keeping a man from forgetting when the rent is due, and preventing him from absent-mindedly leaving the office without his salary.

THE DECLINING YEAR.

October 's here, the golden Summer 's gone,
A hazy veil hangs round the silent wood
Wherein the partridge drums upon the beech.
Among the cat-tails in the distant marsh
I hear the loon and eke the piping quail,
Whose sweet "Bob White" proclaims the
Autumn 's here.

No more the rose is rocking
Within the quiet lea;
Our last year's tile we 're blocking
To save the needed V;
The songster off the tree
The happy sportsman 's knocking.

The hotel-clerk, never glummer,
Puts up his diamond stud;
The beauties of the Summer
Are now upon the scud;
And rapturously bud
The visions of the plumber.

Then pack away the flannel
Clothing we used to wear,
And back against the panel
Tip-tilt the easy-chair,
And we 'll forget all care
Before the glowing candel.

Sitting upon this old rail fence, I see
That noisy pirate of the air, the crow,
Circle above the fields of ripening corn.
I also hear the laugh—the merry laugh
Of some small nutting-party in the woods,
And almost hear the nuts come pattering down
Upon the ground before their eager eyes.
I see the orchard where the robins built
Their cosy nests, and sweetened all the Spring
With dainty love-songs on the swinging branch.
But they are gone, and withered are the nests,
And every wind sighs sadly through the limbs,
As through the halls of some deserted house.

No more the humming-bird serenely hums,
And all around the waving lily curves;
No more the grass-blade, held between his
thumbs,

The urchin blows to shatter all our nerves.

No more the snowy lambkin, rapture-full,
With his hind-legs the highest fence-rail hits;
No more, no more the inquisitive Durham bull
About yon garden like a swallow flits.

No more the katydid exhausts its jaw
Among the vines where fire-flies used to flash;
No more we slap our noses till they 're raw,
In hopes the d—d * mosquito for to smash.

No more the bald head feels the buzzing fly,
No more the robin in the tree-top toots,
No more before the can the scared ki-yi
Like Summer lightning down the highway
scoots.

'Tis sweet to listen to the sounding flail,
'Tis sweet to listen to the woodman's axe—
I love to hear all sounds of busy life.
The hum of bees around a Summer hive
Is soothing to my ear as is the brook
That ripples through the field in sunny June,
On golden mornings when the bobolink
Sings out his heart above the clover blooms.
The grapes hang thick in purple clusters now;
Outside the apples dry upon a board,
And promise give of many pies to come
When Winter shrieks across the empty fields.
Upon the shelf—the fragrant pantry shelf—
The pumpkin-pie is ripe for anxious eyes
And hungry mouths to fondly contemplate.

By the wall the sumach 's nodding,
And the farmer 's homeward plodding
To his tea,
And the little boy is grinning,
As he goes serenely shining
Up the tree.

*) depraved.

While the quail about is hopping,
All the mellow fruit is dropping
From the bough,
And the trees their leaves are shedding,
And they make delightful bedding
For the cow.

Chilly winds the rose-leaves scatter,
And the chestnuts gaily patter
On the sod,
Where Matilda 's idly stretching
On the russet mosses, sketching
Golden-rod.

While the breezes sad airs waken
All around the nest forsaken
On the limb,
And the bee forgets the lily,
And the day is far too chilly
For a swim—

While the wild bird stops his singing,
And for Georgia goes a-winging
From the grove,
Let me homeward go a-footing,
And get right to work to putting
Up the stove.

The twilight's purple 's melting into lead,
And on the topmost limb the turkey sleeps;
Across the darkening wold the farmer comes;
Upon the hill-top smiles the harvest moon;
The breeze sighs through the banners of the
corn;
The air is sharp. Come, Vivian, let us go.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

NO LONGER pink and gladiole
Within the garden blow;
Coal, coal, coal, coal
In price at present 's low;
Pile it in, pile it in—
To the gaping cellar-bin;

But just before you order the coal
chain your boy up, and watch him as carefully
as though he were sick, for he is sick away down
to the ground. If you don't he'll be ten miles
away when it arrives, because he thinks to be
compelled to perform labor that he doesn't en-
joy

Is a most outrageous sin.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION!

A WELL-KNOWN STOCK-JOBBER OF AUGUSTA,
MAINE, SERIOUSLY INJURED.

Upon Tuesday of last week a peculiar trem-
bling of the earth was observed throughout the
Eastern States. At first the general impression
was that another earthquake had visited our
part of the world; but it was soon known that
the phenomenon had been caused by the ex-
plosion of an enormous calumny in Augusta,
Maine. Although many people were much
frightened, no one was injured seriously except
a Mr. Blaine, a broker and agent, of Augusta.

A huge piece of the calumny fell through the
roof of his house to the cellar, passing very close
to Mr. Blaine, and shocking and seriously dam-
aging his character, which he was engaged in
repairing at the time. Mr. Blaine is suffering
from the shock, which seems to have shattered
his nerves terribly. He is now traveling for his
health. It is believed that he will return to
Augusta in November, to resume his old busi-
ness, and to make himself useful to the people
of Maine "in various channels."

Two days after the explosion a suspicious-
looking character was arrested by the police in
New York, just as he was about to throw into
the East River a small, heavy box. The box
was taken from him, and upon examination it
was found to contain a small, jagged piece of
an exploded calumny, with shreds of character
hanging to it. An expert pronounced these to
be shreds of a human character—probably that
of a full-grown man. The prisoner said that
his name was Steve; but he could not give an
account of himself.

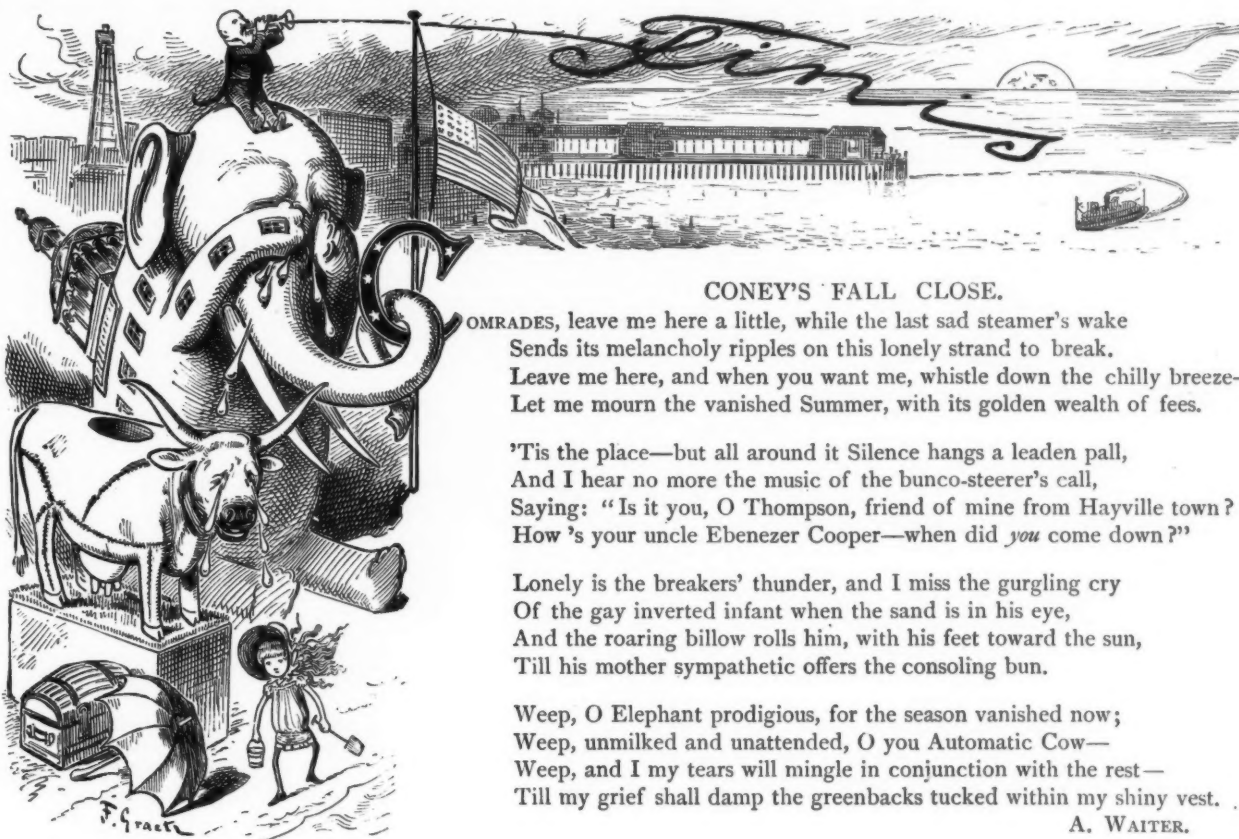
On the morning of Wednesday, word having
been received that the perpetrator of the out-
rage had been discovered in Boston, Steve was
released. The police have an eye on him. The
miscreants who exploded the calumny have not
yet been apprehended; but Mr. Blaine's friends
have expressed a determination to prosecute
them, both civilly and criminally, to the full
extent of the law.

A RAW HAND—The One that Inadvertently
Monkeys with a B-u-z-z-z-zzz-S-s-a-a-ww.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.



J. G. BLAINE.—"Going to leave us? Well, I can't give you a character."
DISSATISFIED INDEPENDENT.—"It's impossible to give what you do not possess."



CONEY'S FALL CLOSE.

OMRADES, leave me here a little, while the last sad steamer's wake
Sends its melancholy ripples on this lonely strand to break.
Leave me here, and when you want me, whistle down the chilly breeze—
Let me mourn the vanished Summer, with its golden wealth of fees.

'Tis the place—but all around it Silence hangs a leaden pall,
And I hear no more the music of the bunco-steerer's call,
Saying: "Is it you, O Thompson, friend of mine from Hayville town?
How 's your uncle Ebenezer Cooper—when did *you* come down?"

Lonely is the breakers' thunder, and I miss the gurgling cry
Of the gay inverted infant when the sand is in his eye,
And the roaring billow rolls him, with his feet toward the sun,
Till his mother sympathetic offers the consoling bun.

Weep, O Elephant prodigious, for the season vanished now;
Weep, unmilked and unattended, O you Automatic Cow—
Weep, and I my tears will mingle in conjunction with the rest—
Till my grief shall damp the greenbacks tucked within my shiny vest.

A. WAITER.

MORE LETTERS.

To the People of the United States:

The undersigned deem it their duty to submit this batch of correspondence to their fellow-countrymen. The originals can not be had by Mr. Blaine for any amount of begging.

MR. BLAINE TO MR. ST. JOHN.

My dear St. John:

I have always been an admirer of the Gospel according to St. John. Won't you kindly withdraw in my favor? I have a couple of anchors left, and do not think I shall prove a deadhead in your behalf. Cremate this.

J. G. BLAINE.

MR. ST. JOHN TO MR. BLAINE.

OLATHE, Sept. 13th.

My dear Mr. Blaine:

Have no use for your junk. Try it on Butler. You may be able to do something with him. That's the kind of a pond-lily I am.

Yours,

JOHN P. ST. JOHN.

MR. BLAINE TO MRS. LOCKWOOD.

AUGUSTA, Sept. 14th.

My dear Mrs. Lockwood:

You will pardon this effusion when I assure you that you are an important woman—I beg pardon, an important young lady—to have feel all right toward us. Can't you by any possibility withdraw in my favor? I am certain that you are ineligible to the office of President, for you are as young as you are charming and clever. Let me know what I may expect.

Sincerely,

J. G. BLAINE.

P. S.—Don't show this to Mr. L.

MRS. LOCKWOOD TO MR. BLAINE.

—, Sept. 17th.

Dear Mr. Blaine:

Really, now, you are insincere. If I only could trust—but, yes, I *will* believe you; for Mr. Fisher says you are as open and fair as the

day. I shall immediately see some of the girls, and if they consent I shall decline to run, because I am not really eligible, you know. Ta, ta.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

MR. BLAINE TO MR. BUTLER.

AUGUSTA, Sept. 16th.

My dear Ben:

I inferred from that last wink as you passed by that things are going lovely. Your working-b blouse looked well on you, as also did the rest of your make-up. But I must caution you against letting that diamond—a lovely thing, by-the-way: can you send me its mate?—slip out from beneath that old kerchief around your neck.

I trust, in consideration of our many years of friendship, as well as in view of the peculiar relations I have held in this matter, you will make an effort to do this.

Sincerely,

J. G. BLAINE.

MR. BUTLER TO MR. BLAINE.

TEWKSBURY, Sept. 18th.

Dear Pard:

Did I look as sleek as all that? Tan my hide if I don't think you're right about that diamond. Here, I'll send it to you for safe-keeping. Yes, everything is lovely. No, everything *would* be lovely except for that confounded PUCK, and the *World*. The *World* says I am a sweet-scented shrub of society. That's the worst racket I've had yet, except that Greenback feller down in Louisiana who would n't run for Congress because I am the head mugwump. But it's all right; nobody is on to us yet.

Yours as ever,

B. F. BUTLER.

To the People:

P. S.—These are only a few of the letters. The others will be published if it should at any time appear necessary.

WARREN MULLIGAN, JR.

CYRUS P. JONES.

BUFFALO, Sept. 22nd.

FOR STUMP-SPEAKERS.

For the benefit of the political candidates who are shortly to talk at county fairs with a view to capturing the bucolic vote, we have compiled the following table that they may appear to know as much about farming as they do about banking and railroading:

Turnips, carrots, parsnips, beets and potatoes are pulled out of the ground.

Apples, pears, peaches, plums and apricots grow on trees.

Oranges grow on the railroad train.

Bananas grow on fruit-stands.

Never speak of a swarm of cows, a herd of bees, or a flock of pigs.

Rye comes from the distillery.

The cotton-gin is an inferior kind of liquor used by negroes on a cotton-plantation.

A thrashing-machine is a school-teacher.

Sheep are sheared in midsummer, the sheep first being given a Turkish bath at the hands of the Turk employed on the farm. In shearing the wool, cut from you, as you would in cutting the coupons off your bonds.

Orchids are round metallic objects that the chore-boy uses when he wants to play quoits.

Ensilage is a sort of salve used principally to suppress tetter in a setting hen.

Hayseed is found in the farmer's hair.

Apples are gathered in the Autumn by the neighbors' boys.

The yellow-jacket is a small inferior kind of yellow-jack.

Peaches are dried with a Turkish towel.

Sour milk for pan-cakes is given by the cow that is fed on sour apples.

Any stump-speaker desiring further information on the subject of agriculture may have it by sending his address.

OSCAR WILDE is lecturing in England on "Dress." But just let Oscar wait until his fair young bride begins to lecture him on the subject of Easter bonnets, and Escorial lace, and white silk dresses, and seal-skin sacques!

SHOP-HOURS.

The junior clerk had just taken down the shutters of the "Matrimonial Agency." The senior book-keeper walked in, hung his hat on a peg, opened his ledger and began methodically to balance the "marriages" and "engagements." The office-boy was busy dusting off the marriage-licenses and the marriage-certificates. He dusted the photographs of the customers with especial care, and placed them in the front window.

The first customer who entered the shop was a coachman. He leaned his elbow on the counter and said, calmly:

"I wish to advertise for an heiress."

"Billionaire or millionaire?" asked the clerk, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Billionaire."

"Any objection to sisters-in-law?"

"I have a decided objection."

"Would a maiden aunt be an insuperable objection?"

"She would."

"Mother-in-law or not?"

"No mother-in-law."

"Father-in-law with a wen on his nose, limps in one foot—satisfactory?"

"By no means. Father-in-law must be manly and dignified. I shall have to invite him to my house, you know."

"Are you particular about his education?"

"He must be a college graduate."

"You insist upon it?"

"I do."

"Have you objections to the lower middle class?"

"I shall be magnanimous. I have objections; but I shall waive them. In fact, you can't marry a fortune and marry out of it here in New York."

"You are somewhat exacting; but we shall have not the slightest difficulty in securing for you a billionaire bride."

"Do not obtain the lady right away. Put her off, if you can, for I should prefer to wait a week."

As the coachman was flying up the street, seated on his box, a rich young man walked into the "Matrimonial Agency," and said:

"I wish to obtain a wife. Have you any heiresses to-day?"

"We have," answered the clerk, smiling; "but they are very hard to suit, and nearly all of them are spoken for."

"Do you mean to say that it would be impossible for me to obtain an heiress?"

"Frankly, I think it would. Any one else to-day?"

The rich young man hesitated.

"We have," continued the clerk: "a good stock of ladies' maids on hand. We can furnish you an excellent article of governess. How would a news-woman suit you?"

The rich young man was silent.

"How should you like a 'woman's-rights' woman? We have just received one of Belva Lockwood's speakers."

"I would not care for one," said the rich young man, solemnly.

"We have several book-agents."

The rich young man shook his head, and after some hesitation said:

"You may give me a maid-of-all-work."

"White or black?"

"Ah—white, I suppose."

"Any particular objection to a grass-widow?"

"I suppose I have not."

"Cross-eyed?"

The rich young man bowed his head meekly.

"Ear-trumpet?"

"Yes."

"Nine maiden sisters, step-mother, sixteen cousins?"

"I have no objection," said the rich young man, who was very pale.

"Very good," said the clerk: "We will try to get her for you. I think that we can make the match within two years. It is difficult to obtain a wife for a rich young man like you. If you were a coachman, we could get you an heiress in half an hour."

L. H. TUPPER.

A MODEL BANK STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.	
Capital	\$200,000 00
Deposits	500,000 00
	\$700,000 00
ASSETS.	
Cash taken by President	\$100,000 00
" " " Cashier	150,000 00
" " " Paying Teller	100,000 00
" " " Receiving Teller	50,000 00
" " " Ledger-Keeper	50,000 00
" " " Janitor	20,000 00
" " " Office-Boy	4,000 00
Livery Stable Bills, President	10,000 00
" " " Cashier	10,000 00
Hotel " " President	10,000 00
" " " Cashier	15,000 00
Wine " " President	30,000 00
" " " Cashier	20,000 00
Wall Street Margins, President	70,000 00
" " " Cashier	60,000 00
Electric Light Stock	00,000 00
Mining Stock	10 00
Dishonored Promissory Notes	989 25
Cash in Safe	75
	\$700,000 00

ORIGINAL ORATORY.

Dionysius Fudge was announced to make a speech that evening in defense of the Republican party. Dionysius had been most everything in politics, from a Whig to a Greenbacker. Dionysius was always equal to the occasion. A crowd was gathered to hear the trumpet of Mr. Fudge, the new recruit to the Republican party. There was an air about Mr. Fudge of "Who struck Billy Patterson?", and he was to have revenge. The Hon. Dionysius Fudge had a red nose.

There were four thousand people waiting to hear Mr. Fudge speak. After he was introduced, the Hon. Dionysius Fudge said:

"Friends and fellow-citizens, we are on the eve of a great political battle. (Cheers.) It depends upon the conscience of the honest voters of the Republican party to win that battle. (Applause and cheers.) It fills my heart with pleasure to know of the stainless record of the Republican party. (Loud cheering.) I can say those words without a blush. I desire to say a few words to the farmers of this country, as I am engaged in agricultural pursuits at home. The farmer is the most independent citizen we have. Being a farmer myself, I can speak from experience. (Loud and continued cheering.)

"Taxes on farming land should be reduced; but if the Democratic party should come into power, there would be an increase of taxes on farming land, and the proceeds used for war purposes. The Democratic party desires war, while the Republican party always is for peace. (Cheers.)

"It also fills me with intense feelings of patriotism and happiness to see among the many faces present a large number who gallantly went to the front during the 'late unpleasantness,' and fought side by side in the bloody struggle

to uphold the Union, while the Democratic party in the North remained at home. I am not here to flaunt the bloody shirt. (Cheers.) [You will excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, on account of being unable to speak louder, having contracted a severe cold while plowing.] The Maine victory is a signal for success. The honest voters of that State have come out in full force, and cast their ballots for principle and sound government. (Loud cheering and applause.) As it is getting late, and other speakers are waiting to be heard, allow me to thank you all for your kind attention this evening." (Cheers.)

W. L. C.

THE LATEST "FASHION NEWS."



MISS JUNE ASTOR MULCAHY HAS RETURNED FROM THE HEAT OF THE CITY TO HER BEAUTIFUL COTTAGE ON THE PALISADES OVERLOOKING THE HUDSON.

"YOUR HORSE is very thin," said a fresh young dude to a potato-peddler.

"Yes," answered the peddler: "but I am trying to reduce him to a frame."

"Then what are you going to do with him?" asked the dude.

"Then I am going to gild him and set a picture in him."

And the dude hurried away to get a glass of lemonade.

SINCE THE nomination of Blaine, the Little Rock Railroad doesn't have to advertise in the newspapers. All of which proves that advertising is the soul of business.

ISN'T IT rather rough to allude to all the crack base-ball pitchers of the day as being under-handed?

FREDDY'S SLATE
AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyorkseptemberthertey

dear puck

this is A cole day four The car Toon bisi-
ness

i hav bin cort my techer cort Me he gott on
two my lasst car Toon an he has bin Taken it
owt off me ever sins

he gott on two the car Toon a bout my cuz-
zen lemmuel an The waigh we plade it on him
four A chimpanzee

he ced it was a nact un werthey off a gentel-
mans sun he Gave me ratts i tel you

i didnt mined the ratts Butt wen he be gan
hammering me with A rat tan i kinder squeeld
my techer doant look up Two mutch but i tell
you he is mitey liveley be Hind a club i doant
kno wich gott a round The quickest me Or the
club butt i think The club had itt moast off the
time

wen he had gott threw with me he stood me
Up on a stoole in the cawner an putt A fooles-
cap on too me labled puck

orl the boyse took the sho in

i like drorin car Toons ferstrait butt i doant
wont eney moar of this sircus it is liveley butt
it Aint funney four i cent

now you hav gotter ether shut down on my
techers puck oar else you hav gotter get my
saight Bac sose he woant cee it four he is warin
me down thin With that rat tan

the car Toon i cend you this weak is a trew
reppresentation of the harroin seen butt werds
wil nott tel you how soar i Am

youers dis curredged

freddy

p s cen my saight bac rapt up in a nulster
oar sumthin thic

Answers for the Aurious.

REJECTED ARTICLES PUCK ne'er returns:
In Spring he tears them, and in Winter burns.

T. T. B.—Thanks.

S. J. T.—Barrel your muse up, dear boy. Your
"Lonely Bachelor" is pathetic; but a bachelor is apt to
continue lonely if he lets it be known that he is a poet.

E. J. P.—You write:

OOSTBURGH, SHEBOYGAN CO., WIS., }
September 29th, 1884. }

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Please answer by mail—for which find inclosed stamp
—the following questions, to decide a dispute among the
voters in this vicinity:

What is James G. Blaine's religion—is he a Catholic,
or to what Protestant denomination does he belong, and
to what religion does Governor Cleveland belong?

Please answer at once and oblige

EDW. J. PATLIST.

We know nothing about the religious views of either
man. We care nothing. Religion has nothing to do
with politics. Those who bring such issues into a Presi-
dential campaign are foolish and short-sighted, and they
are apt to make mischief. If you and your neighbors
would stop talking about the private religious ideas of
Cleveland and Blaine, and would confine yourselves to
legitimate matters of discussion, you would be more likely
to vote wisely.

WE HAVE received from Mr. B. A. Hester, of Stock-
ton, Cal., a cleverly and carefully executed design for a
Blaine campaign-badge, the adoption of which we heart-
ily recommend to Mr. Blaine's managers. It is strikingly
characteristic. The obverse shows a magnetic heart, of

a striped nature, neatly bisected by a very crooked line
of railroad. At the base is a certificate of stock in the
Little Rock and Arkansaw road. A magnet is super-
imposed upon the heart; but the magnet does not appear
to be in good working order. The reverse presents a
scroll, bearing the phrases now as familiar as household
words, beginning: "I am sure I shall not prove a dead-
head," and "I see various channels." We shall keep
the design on exhibition in our office during the cam-
paign. Mr. Steve Elkins may desire to look in upon us
and examine it.

BROWNING.

Why should crabbed critics frowning
Say they can not understand
Any of the great and grand
Poems writ by Robert Browning?

If they can not see the crowning
Beauty of his florid verse,
For the critics it is worse
Than it is for Robert Browning.

When the bloom of Spring is gowning,
Phyllis-like, the orchard tree,
Then I love to linger free
On the sward with Robert Browning.

If I saw the critic drowning,
Who upon his work would pounce,
Ne'er again would he denounce
Such a man as Robert Browning.

Now the Autumn sun is downing
Softly on the landscape sere,
Step right up and have a beer
Or a cocktail, Robert Browning.

HOW TO REMEMBER.

Dr. Allen Starr has just been kind enough
to tell us "How We Remember Things" in
our ever readable E. C., the *Popular Science*
Monthly.

This paper should be read carefully by the
man who always forgets everything, even when
he makes memoranda on his cuffs, and has his
wife tie a piece of string around his finger every
morning when he leaves home for the office.

It should also be read by the woman who
forgets to sew the vital button on her husband's
vest for about eight consecutive weeks, although
he leaves it home every day to be fixed.

Yet, while we strongly recommend Dr. Allen
Starr's article to the public as one of scientific
value, we must say that we don't remember
things on his plan.

Once when we were a blushing boy we as-
sisted some equally wicked companions in rob-
bing an apple-orchard. The apples were about
the sweetest specimens we ever tasted, even in-
cluding railroad apples. But it was not their
extreme mellowness and sweetness, which melted
into our souls and trickled down our faces, that
causes us to remember them to this day.

It was the boots of the farmer and the teeth
of the bull-dog that impressed that adventure
so vividly on our minds.

We remember playing hookey to go swim-
ming in March by being lifted off the floor by
the ears on the following morning, and lammed
around in a pretty lively manner for five or six
minutes.

We remember, during childhood, the sharp-
ness of our father's razor, not so much by the
beautiful pearl handle as by the odd appear-
ance our thumb presented as we wriggled the
stump-end of it in the air, and gazed reflect-
ively on the nail-end that gemmed the Brussels
at our feet.

We once went out with a comic opera com-
pany, and we shall never forget it. It is one
of the things that will stick to our memory like
face-powder to the shoulder of a swallow-tail.
Yet, it is not the dulcet strains of the opera or
the beauty of its setting that causes it ever to
linger with us like a fairy dream.

It was the walk home from Lansing that im-
pressed the details of that trip on us. When
we arrived in the city our feet were as large as
hams, and we had to remain indoors and wear
carpet-bags on them for a week.

We remember all the malaria we ever had
by the flavor of the quinine that we can taste
yet.

It is not necessary to go on to state how we
remember the features of the sheriff, or the
day on which we become wedded to our salary;
but we will say that we do not do it by Dr. Allen
Starr's theory, according to which it would be
impossible for us to remember to return our
friend's book or umbrella.

THE OTHER day a man went into a country
drug-store where a lady ran the soda-water
fountain. Two minutes after he gave her the
"brandy wink," which she didn't understand,
he was rolling around in the middle of the road
with the woman's husband, who seemed to be
getting the better of it.

THE YOUNG MAN who recently went over a
Western fence, and never touched anything un-
til he reached the ground, afterward remarked,
in a dazed sort of way, that her father had a
sort of club-foot.

It is all well enough to say the wind cuts
like a knife; but if it doesn't cut any better
than the average knife you get in an eating-
house, it will never cause the victim much pain.



OFFICE OF "PUCK" 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

A HAD P
THE MULLIGAN GUARDS UNDERTAKE TO DRIVE THEIR



MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITH. 21-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

HAD PULL.
TO DRAW THEIR MAGNETIC AMMUNITION THROUGH OHIO.

HIS PROFESSIONAL WEAKNESS.

J. Whirlwood Squiggins recently succeeded, after a long and desperate struggle with every privation known, in selling an oil-painting to a wealthy gentleman up-town. As he sat in his studio a few evenings later, filled with joy at the prospect of other people seeing his picture, and ordering one like it, the janitor knocked on his door and handed him a letter.

J. Whirlwood Squiggins recognized the handwriting as that of his benefactor, and broke the seal with feelings of great anxiety. He thought there was a chance to sell another picture, and be in a position to purchase an overcoat.

So he read the letter, which was an invitation to dinner. He hurriedly got himself ready, and was at his patron's residence at the appointed time. After dinner, when they had smoked their cigars, the picture-buyer renewed his great praise of Mr. Squiggins's masterpiece, but said there were some things about it that struck him as being a trifle odd, which he would like to have explained.

Mr. Squiggins said he would make any explanations necessary, and then the valet brought the picture in and set it on an ebony easel.

"You see," began the purchaser: "on that stump in the foreground you have the word 'Corruption.'"

The artist was silent.

"And here," continued the patron: "you have the farmer hoeing corn with 'Independent Voter' on his belt, and over in the corn-field the scare-crow has a piece of paper sticking out of his coat-tail pocket branded 'Ben Butler.'"

The artist buried his face in his hands at the prospect of being asked to refund the money.

"I also observe a sheep with 'Tariff' on his back; and a huge tree whose foliage is so arranged as to form faces of prominent public people."

"That I didn't notice before," whined the artist.

"Perhaps," continued the picture-buyer, pointing with his finger: "you didn't notice the bridge marked 'River and Harbor Bill,' and the storm-cloud on the hill inscribed 'Veto Power,' and the raft coming down the creek bearing a man with 'Bourbon Democracy' painted on the corner of the handkerchief sticking out of his pocket, and the bootblack with 'Anti-Monopoly' on his box, and the blasted tree with 'Ku Klux' on it, and the various bushes marked 'Cheap Fares and Vindication,' and—"

"Hold!" exclaimed the artist: "and I will explain all."

The picture-buyer was silent.

"It was all an accident about these inscriptions. Up to a month ago I was a cartoonist on a comic paper, and I got so much in the habit of branding the objects in every picture I made that after I got to painting I continued doing it unconsciously merely. But it was absent-mindedness, and I hope that in six months I shall have got over the habit so completely that I can paint a full-length picture of a lady without branding her 'Liberty,' 'Justice,' or 'Solid South.'"

Then the artist promised to paint over the lettering and return the picture on the morrow, after which he withdrew.

THE COACHMAN CRAZE.



COACHMAN (to Millionaire).—"Well, the situation don't suit; the ladies are not quite young enough for me."



COACHMAN (to Mistress).—"Sorry I can't drive you out; but I'm going with your daughter."



The New Matrimonial Market.



"Charge what you like—I'm a coachman!"

FREE LUNCH.

DUMAS *filis* says that poverty dispels pride. This is probably the reason that the tramp is too proud to work.

ONE OF our agricultural exchanges wants to know the true cause of milk-fever. The true cause of milk-fever is the impure water put in the milk. There is no such thing as milk-fever; it is in reality pump-fever.

WHEN a baby gets so cross that it feels like crying its head off, a wooden dog painted yellow will set it to smiling in a minute. It will just chew that dog up with delight. But when anything goes wrong with a man it is different. He couldn't get any satisfaction to speak of out of chewing a yellow wooden dog. If you don't believe it, just offer him one once when he is dancing mad. Then you will know the difference between infancy and maturity.

HEALTH HINTS.

Never go to bed with your clothes on.

Never sleep with your eyes open.

Never drink a cocktail after dinner.

Never go out to nurse yellow fever sufferers.

Never eat off your razor.

Don't look down the barrels of a gun to see if it is loaded.

Never kindle the fire with kerosene.

Never fool with a buzz-saw.

Never try to conciliate a strange dog with kind words.

SOMEWHAT MIXED.

NEW YORK Sept. 20th, 1884.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

What is the matter with this man Warren Mulligan, of Little Rock? I understand from the able Republican newspaper of my town that he has been writing more of his libelous letters about Mr. Blaine. I am assured by the Chairman of the Republican County Committee of my county that these letters are nothing but a rehash of stale lies and exploded calumnies. Moreover, I have overheard Democrats, and even dudes and Pharisees, acknowledge, when they little thought a good Republican was listening, that these new letters are just as full of lies as the first lot.

My next-door neighbor is a man of some influence, though a so-called Independent, and I have thought him honest and intelligent. But when I tried to reason with him as to this second batch of letters written by Mulligan, saying that they could only injure their writer, as it would be easy to prove them full of lies, my neighbor exclaimed:

"Lies! Well, I should gently guffaw. Lies! Rather, some, a small few! And they're the kind of lies that *will* ruin the writer, and cook the goose of Blaine of Maine. We'll make an Independent of you yet."

Aghast at this amazing impudence, I turned away in disgust.

Now, in the face of the fact that opponents of Mr. Blaine all over the country are admitting that the Mulligan letters, from first to last, are lying, dishonest, and disgraceful to their writer, can PUCK continue to use against Mr. Blaine the charges contained in those letters?

Although I fear your case is hopeless, I write to add another to the many appeals that have been made to you to repent before it is too late. When Mr. Blaine is in the White House, and the wretched author of the Mulligan letters is a fugitive in foreign lands from the just wrath of his countrymen, you will perhaps regret your use of the foul calumnies against the first gentleman of America.

I can hardly suppose that if you persist in your folly you will print this letter; for, I tell you frankly, it seems to me to constitute no mean defense of Mr. Blaine.

Yours, etc.,

VINDICATOR.

FREE LUNCH.

THE LONDON *Standard* says that milk over there is preserved by chemicals. Over here it is different; we don't go much on chemicals for preserving purposes. Over here we are satisfied with ordinary water in our milk. And we are not so aristocratic and high-toned as to demand belladonna or any little thing of that kind in our sugar. Ordinary sand is good enough for us, and that is why dealers use it so extensively. After awhile they will take some of their highfalutin stem-winding names like Cholmondeley, Beauchamp, Wemyss, and salt them down in chemicals like so much seal-skin to keep them in a good state of preservation, so that one end may not decay and become useless while the other is as sound as a dollar.

It is wrong to allow one's business prejudices to get mixed up with religion. We have just heard of a shoe-maker in the northern part of the State who will not attend a church in which the clergyman does not pray on his feet, in order that his boots may sooner or later need half-soling. According to this style of preference, we imagine the summer-resort bathing-masters are all Baptists.

ONE OF the latest news-stand attractions is a

circular grammatical chart, which is too intricate to be explained. By twisting it around on a pivot, you can tell what part of speech any word is, and get a good idea of pure and false syntax. We don't know who invented it, but imagine it must have been John A. Logan.

DUMAS *filis* says that it is impossible for an empty bag to stand upright. But a bag of wind can, or how would Blaine manage to face the campaign music?

THE YOUNG LADY in love is the person that can always meet a note. In fact, she is often at the post-office before the mail arrives.

NOT FROM THE CHINESE.

It's the five-minute horse that travels all day. People who live in glass houses should have plenty of curtains.

Blest is he who has a friend that lasts like a pair of suspenders.

The turtle is not as swift as the grayhound; but he makes better soup.

Some people are more particular about blots on their letters than blots on their escutcheons.

Cæsar, with all his greatness, couldn't snap his fingers with impunity in the face of a buzz-saw.

The bull-terrier is not as long-headed as the average business-man; but then he never loses his grip.

The rain falls alike on the new eight-dollar silk "dicer" of the dude and the faded felt hat of the statue-peddler.

The professional carpet-layer is more frugal than the average clergyman, because he wears great leather pads on his knees to save his trousers.

The dog with the handsome silver collar doesn't always make the biggest fight.

Flora Temple drew a vender's wagon before she broke the record.

HINTS TO AMATEUR SPORTSMEN.

About this time of year the amateur sportsman sallies forth with a shot-gun and a dog, tramps fifteen miles through stubble, briars, brush and swamp, and comes home with one woodpecker and a howling appetite. Or, mayhap, he may thoughtlessly pull his gun over a fence by the muzzle and inadvertently come home in a neighbor's cart.

Therefore, this being about the beginning of the accepted season when the amateur sportsman goeth about seeking how he may accidentally shoot himself, or some luckless companion, I have laid down for the guidance of amateur sportsmen some valuable rules, which, if they would not die in Autumn, when the coroner is busily engaged seeking a reëlection, they will do well to follow.

Having once been an amateur sportsman myself, and having in my time narrowly missed killing two or three birds, and five or six of my friends who were reckless enough to stay in the same field with me while I was shooting, I can justly claim to know something of the subject I herein discuss.

Before setting out on a gunning expedition be sure your gun is loaded. The unloaded gun is always the more dangerous to the amateur sportsman. It kills the most people, anyway.

Do not carelessly handle your gun in the house, or you may seriously damage the *bric-à-brac*.

A breech-loader is the safer gun for you, though it is more dangerous than a muzzle-loader to your dog or any other living thing that happens to be in front of you while you load.

If you are gunning with another amateur sportsman, get behind a tree when you see him preparing to shoot. The bigger the tree and the closer you stand to it the safer you will be.

If you should accidentally shoot a farmer's cow, do not stay to make an explanation to the farmer or to try to excuse yourself with the plea that the darned old cow ran in front of

THE CHOLERA SCARE.



ANCIENT DEALER IN RAGS (to Casual Tramp).—"Hi, dere! you! Shoost you shtop—I puy you for dose Aegyptian rags—fife cents a bound, ain'd it?"

your gun just as it went off. Hurry on to the next farm without waiting to reload.

Never climb a fence with a gun in your hands or pull the gun after you by the muzzle. If you must climb a fence while gunning, throw the gun over first, keeping the muzzle always from you, and then climb over yourself.

Don't try to kill two birds with one charge until you have practised awhile on one bird; otherwise you may wear yourself out very early in the game.

Don't take your own dog with you if you can borrow one from a friend. You will naturally feel that your friend's dog can be spared better than your own dog.

Never take your gun by the muzzle and punch with the butt in a brush-heap to start out the game. The premature discharge that in this case is likely to occur may frighten the game away too suddenly and surprise you to such an extent that in the hurry of the moment you will forget to observe which way the game goes.

If your gun is a muzzle-loader, do not put the shot in first and the powder on top. The amateur sportsman who loads his gun in this way is apt to become discouraged before the day is half done. But there is one advantage—he never shoots himself.

If you see a farmer coming hurriedly toward you with a long gun on his shoulder and malice in his eye, do not wait to learn the cause of his haste or the object of his mission. His appearance is indicative of a malarious neighborhood, and you should go away from the locality as quietly and speedily as possible.

After you have missed ten or fifteen birds, and have shot off one of the ears and a piece of the tail of your dog, it will be time to eat your lunch, if you have any with you. Thereafter, if your dog walks behind you and refuses to hunt, do not think his conduct strange. It is very easily explained: he is just beginning to get acquainted with you, and has learned, perhaps, that you are an amateur sportsman. He has probably been out with amateur sportsmen before. You should seek to restore his confidence in you, or he will be likely to go home, leaving you to conclude the day's sport alone.

The only thing that is entirely safe in the vicinity of the amateur sportsman is the game he is hunting, or, at least, that is the way it used to be when I was an amateur sportsman; and things don't seem to have changed much since I reformed and sold my gun and gave my dog to the poor.

SCOTT WAY.

A LIFE-INSURANCE man got into a row with a man, and let him pound him up pretty thoroughly.

"My, my," said the president of the company, when he reported: "what did you do that for? Weren't you a bigger man than he was?"

"Yes, sir, and I could have licked him under ordinary circumstances; but he pulled a gun on me."

"Why didn't you kill him on the spot? You would have been cleared by any jury in the land."

"Maybe I would; but I didn't want to do it."

"Well, you ought to be discharged for cowardice. I've got no patience with such a man," continued the president, getting hot under the collar.

"Hold on; don't be rash, sir. I could have killed the man very easily; but, blast the luck, I'd written him an unconditional policy on his life only last week, in this company, for \$10,000, and I didn't feel that it was exactly business-like to kill the blamed brute and stick the company in that style."

"Oh—ah—indeed—" hemmed the presi-

dent: "that puts it in a different light. Mr. Book-keeper, give this gentleman fifty dollars. Discretion gathers a good deal of moss."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

MUCH regret is manifested that the Congress of Scientists in Philadelphia didn't take up and dispose of the question why women button their clothes from right to left and men theirs from left to right. What is an international congress of scientists for, anyway?—*Norristown Herald*.

THIRTEEN young ladies at one watering-place are engaged on novels of American society. The announcement is not necessarily as disheartening as it appears on first sight, when we reflect that booksellers can not be compelled to publish.—*Boston Transcript*.

AN agricultural paper has an article on "The Time to Look After Poultry." We suppose it advises the search either after dark or when the owner is away.—*Boston Post*.

HACKMEN on the Canada side of Niagara think every American who comes there has just robbed a bank. That may account for their charges.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

—The most fastidious smokers are editors, lawyers, doctors, preachers, students and gentlemen of taste and leisure. Whether they incline to the pipe or cigarette, they must have a guarantee of a pure, mild, fragrant, ethereal tobacco, which will bring comfort without injury, and inspiration without excess. They therefore use, to the exclusion of all other tobaccos, Blackwell's Durham Long Cut. They know about the soil and climate in which it grows, its freedom from impurities and its peculiar flavor and fragrance. Therefore their confidence.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"A WONDERFUL SET OF CHEAP MUSIC BOOKS."
HITCHCOCK'S famous
25 CENT SONG COLLECTIONS,
with music for piano, organ or melodion. Twelve books now ready, each 128 large pages. Sold over counter at 25 cents each; by mail 33 cents.
B. W. HITCHCOCK, Sun Building, 166 Nassau St., N. Y.

ROSS' ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.
Sold by First-class Dealers.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesdays before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Fridays at noon.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Numbers 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 29, 33, 37, 38, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 53, 54, 56, 62, 69, 77, 79, 82, 84, 85, 87, 88, 89, 92, 95, 103, 108, 113, 116, 132, 137 and 140 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents, and number 26 at 25 cents per copy.

PUCK WILL BE DECIDEDLY ON DECK
DURING THE CAMPAIGN—



which will be an unusually lively and interesting one—and he respectfully begs leave to notify his many friends and enemies that he will take subscriptions during the campaign (from June to November) for any desired number of weeks.

PUCK ON WHEELS

Price, Twenty-five Cents.

PPROMPT ACTION
is needed when
Cramped. Don't
experiment on your-
selves. You need
relief at once. Get
it, if possible, by
using the GENUINE
Fred'k Brown's
GINGER!
TAKE NO OTHER



The
"Hanan"
shoe is made in so
many sizes and shapes
that a perfect fit is certain, and
duplicates always obtainable. Made
of best stock, well put together, they are
durable, stylish and comfortable.
Wear them once, and you will
have no other. Sold by
all dealers. Ask
your shoe dealer
for them.

HANAN & SON.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR.
ARE PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.
WAREROOMS:

149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.

ACCORDION SKIRT PLAITINGS. NEW BRAIDS. ALL-OVER
EMBROIDERIES, APPLIQUES, SILK LACES, and other
FASHIONABLE SPECIALTIES. "THE KURSHEEDT
MANUFACTURING CO., New York City." Send stamp for
descriptive illustrations. Mention this paper.

THE FAVORITE. (FIFTY CHANGES IN POSITION.)

Simple, Durable, Elegant.
A positive household luxury.
Send stamp (mention this paper)
for Illustrated Catalogue.
**STEVENS' ADJUSTABLE
CHAIR CO.,**
No. 3 Sixth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST
Washing Compound
EVER INVENTED.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere.

CHAMPION
SINGLE BREECH-LOADING



SHOT GUN.

Top-Snap Action, Pistol Grip, Rebounding Lock, Patent
Fore-end Fastening. For good workmanship, convenience of
manipulation, hard and close shooting, durability, and beauty
of finish, this Gun has no equal and challenges the world.
Thousands of these Guns have been sold, and the demand for
them is rapidly increasing. We would most respectfully re-
commend all parties intending to purchase a single breech-
loading shot gun, to give this gun a thorough examination
before purchasing one of another pattern.

PRICES: 1 Plain Barrel, 12 bore, \$15.00; 10 bore, \$16.00
2 Twist Barrel, 12 bore, \$18.00; 10 bore, \$19.00
Send 6c. in stamps for large catalogue of Roller Skates,
Rifles, Revolvers, Air Rifles, Police Goods, Guns, etc.
JOHN P. LOVELL'S SONS, Boston, Mass.

VICTOR TRICYCLE **WON ALL RACES**
IN '83.
OVERMAN WHEEL CO.
CHICAGO, MASS.
LARGEST TRICYCLE MAKERS IN U.S.
SEND STAMP FOR CATALOG.

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars
for a retail box, by express, of the best
Candies in the World, put up in hand-
some boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable
for presents. Try it once.

Address **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**
78 Madison St., Chicago.

Pachtmann & Moelich,

363 Canal St., N. Y.,
Offer Special Inducements for Cash
Purchasers of
Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Silverware, Clocks, Spectacles,
Opera Glasses, etc., etc.

Established 1838. Price-list Free.
Repairing a Specialty.

Piles-Piles-Piles
Cured Without knife, powder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for
references, 14r. Corkins, 11 E. 29th St.

WHEN the cashier of a bank skips out with
eight-tenths of the capital, depositors are in-
formed in the sweetest, softest voice that the
integrity of the bank has not been impaired.
This is to give the officials a chance to divide
up what the cashier left.

When the president of a bank makes a clean
gut of the shop, taking both capital and depos-
its, the public are tickled with a feather labeled:
"Bank will reopen in a few days and pay depos-
itors in full." This is to give the officials
time to put real estate and personal property
out of their hands.

When the president, treasurer and cashier of
a bank rob it for money to carry on outside
speculations, it is not expected that any of the
trio will commit suicide when exposure comes.
On the contrary, they are entitled to sympathy;
and if any one should be sent to State's Prison
it must be regarded in the light of an accident.

A bank is a sacred institution. A bank de-
positor is a person who is willing to be robbed,
if the offense is not committed on the highway.
—Wall Street News.

A BOY who had a great curiosity to know how
a bee-hive was constructed entered an apiary
and proceeded to upset a hive; but while feel-
ing in his pocket for a two-foot rule, the angry
swarm alighted upon him, and ran the ther-
mometer up to such a notch that he cried out in
a voice which could be heard a mile away.
When the last bee had got in his work, and
there was nothing but boot-heel left to bite at,
an old snoozer with a yellow back and a squint-
eye flew up on the gate-post to pick the bones
out of his teeth, and said:

"Better wait until the mule is dead before
picking up a hind-foot to see how it is glued
on. When curiosity interferes with the house-
work next door, it is time to throw flat-irons."
—Detroit Free Press.

COLD CREAM is said to be excellent for sun-
burn. For the benefit of the young ladies we
will say that this does not refer to ice-cream.—
Burlington Free Press.

PHYSICIANS and Druggists recommend Brown's
Iron Bitters as the Best Tonic. Combining Iron
with pure vegetable tonics, it quickly and completely cures

BROWN'S
Dyspepsia, Indiges-
tion, Weakness, Im-
pure Blood, Malin-
ria, Chills and Fe-
vers & Neuralgia. An unfailing remedy for Diseases
of the Kidneys and Liver. Invaluable for Diseases
peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.
Enriches and puri-
fies the blood, stim-
ulates the appetite,
aids the assimila-
tion of food, re-
lieves Heartburn,
strengthens the
muscles & nerves

Does not injure the teeth, cause headache
or produce constipation; all other
Iron medicines do. Genuine has

IRON BITTERS
trade-mark and crossed red lines on
wrapper. Taken no other.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure
Cocoa, from which the excess of
Oil has been removed. It has three
times the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar,
and is therefore far more economi-
cal. It is delicious, nourishing,
strengthening, easily digested, and
admirably adapted for invalids as
well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Fragrant Vanity Fair
AND
Cloth of Gold
CIGARETTES.

Our Cigarettes cannot be surpassed. If you do not use them,
a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred
millions sold in 1887.
13 First Prize Medals Awarded.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

CLOCKS

FOR
Bridal Gifts and Holiday Presents
At Exceptionally Low Prices,

INCLUDING
IMPORTED NOVELTIES; BRASS ANTIQUES;
FRENCH MARBLES, NEW DESIGNS;
Swiss and Vienna Clocks, and
A Fine Selection of Bronzes.
ALSO CLOCKS OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE,
IN WOOD AND METAL,
AT RETAIL, UNTIL JANUARY 1st.

New Haven Clock Co.,
16 & 18 Park Place, New York City.

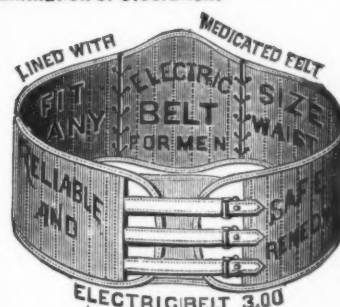
WALTHAM WATCHES.

RICHEST ASSORTMENT OF
Watches and
Jewelry
GREAT
REDUCTION
IN PRICE OF
SILVER and GOLD
WALTHAM
WATCHES.
LOWEST AND ONE PRICE ONLY.

DR. SCOTT'S GENUINE ELECTRIC BELTS,

For Ladies and Gentlemen.

Probably never, since the invention of Belts and Supporters, has
so large a demand been created as now exists for Dr. Scott's
Electric Belts. Over seven thousand people in the city of
New York alone are now wearing them daily. They are recom-
mended by the most learned physicians in the treatment of all
Male and Female Weakness, Nervous and General
Debility, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neural-
gia, Sciatica, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Constipa-
tion, Erysipelas, Catarrh, Piles, Epilepsy,
Pains in Head, Hips, Back or Limbs, Diseases
of Spine, Kidneys, Liver and Heart, Falling,
Inflammation or Ulceration.



There is no waiting a long time for results. Electro-magnetism
acts quickly, generally the first week, more frequently the first day,
and often even during the first hour they are worn their wonderful
curative powers are felt.
The mind becomes active, the nerves and sluggish circulation
are stimulated, and all the old-time health and good feeling come
back. They are constructed on scientific principles, imparting an
exhilarating, health-giving current to the whole system.
The celebrated Dr. W. A. Hammond, of New York, formerly Sur-
geon-General of the U. S. Army, lately lectured upon this subject,
and advised all medical men to make trial of these agencies,
describing at the same time most remarkable cures he had made
even in cases which would seem hopeless.

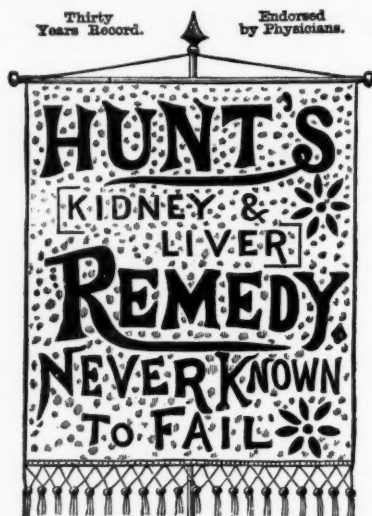
PRICE \$3.00 ON TRIAL.
We will send either Lady's or Gent's Belt on trial, post-paid, on
receipt of \$2.00, guaranteeing safe delivery. State size of waist
when ordering Lady's Belt. Remit by money order or draft at our
risk, or currency in registered letter. Address, GEO. A. SCOTT,
842 Broadway, N. Y. MENTION THIS PAPER.
DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CORSETS, \$1.00, 1.50, 2.00 and 3.00.
DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSHES, \$1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50 & 3.00.
DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC FLESH BRUSHES, \$3.00.
DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSH, 50c.

BLAINE OR CLEVELAND.

Campaign outfits, Torches, Lanterns, Belts,
Caps, Capes, Badges etc. Our stock and as-
sessment is the largest and most complete of
any in the trade. We are sole manufacturers
of the celebrated Telescopic Torch, which
we supply to clubs at liberal prices. We defy
competition in prices. Our large illustrated
colored price-list sent on application to

PECK & SNYDER,
126 Nassau Street, New York.

For Puck's Campaign Rates see first column
of Page 66.



CURES
ALL
DISEASES
OF
THE
KIDNEYS
LIVER
BLADDER
AND
URINARY
ORGANS
DROPSY
GRAVEL
DIABETES
BRIGHT'S
DISEASE
PAINS
IN
THE
BACK
LOINS
OR
SIDE
NERVOUS
DISEASES
RETENTION
OR
NON-RETENTION
OF
URINE.

By the use of this
REMEDY, the Stomach and Bowels
speedily regain their
strength, and the
blood is purified.

It is pronounced by
hundreds of the best
doctors to be the ON-
LY CURE for all
kinds of Kidney Dis-
eases.

It is purely vege-
table, and cures when
other medicines fail.
It is prepared ex-
pressly for these dis-
eases, and has never
been known to fail.
One trial will con-
vince you. For sale
by all druggists.

PRICE \$1.25.

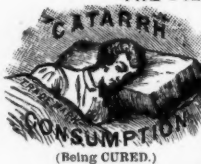
Send for
Pamphlet
of Testi-
monials.
**HUNT'S
REMEDY
CO.,
Providence,
R. I.**



COLUMBIA BICYCLE
FOR ROAD USE
SEND 3CT. STAMP
FOR ILLUS. (36P) CATALOGUE
THE POPE MFG. CO.
597 WASHN ST. BOSTON, MASS.

BRANCH HOUSE, 12 Warren St., NEW YORK.

ALL-NIGHT INHALATION!
"A pillow from which one wakes to live."
THE PILLOW-INHALER!



This wonderful invention is curing
"hopeless cases" of CATARRH and CON-
SUMPTIVE diseases. It applies medicated
and Curative Air to the mucous lining of
the Nose, Throat and Lungs ALL NIGHT,
while sleeping as usual. Perfectly com-
fortable, safe and pleasant. The reme-
dial air or vapor charges the forces of
disease, purifies the blood and heals the
putrid surfaces. It is a RADICAL AND
PERMANENT CURE FOR CATARRH, BRON-
CHITIS, ASTHMA AND LUNG TROUBLE.
Explanatory Circular and Book of Testi-
monials sent free.

THE PILLOW-INHALER CO.,
1520 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Branch: New York—25 East Fourteenth Street.
Offices: CHICAGO—(Central Music Hall) cor. State and Randolph Sts.

FINE CUSTOM TAILORING.

New Fall Goods Arriving Daily.

MANY NOVELTIES IN
**IMPORTED and DOMESTIC
WOOLENS.**

NICOLL, "the Tailor"

**620 BROADWAY 620
139-151 BOWERY, N. Y.**

SAMPLES AND SELF-MEASUREMENT CHART MAILED
ON APPLICATION.

"I THOUGHT you told me you did not intend going to the circus, Mr. Jarphy?" remarked Mr. Goshorn, interrogatively.

"Well, you see I had to," replied Mr. Jarphy, apologetically: "I grew tired of those things years ago. They've lost all interest to me. They've got to be wearisome and monotonous; but the children's fond of them, just like you and I used to be when we were children, and my little boy wanted to go, and I didn't have the heart to disappoint him."

"But I didn't see any little boy with you."

"No; poor little fellow, he was taken sick, and I thought I'd go, so I could tell him how everything looked, and not disappoint him altogether, he'd set such store by it, you see."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

"ON an average, between six and seven hundred dwellings are burned every month in this country." So says an exchange; but we are inclined to think that the writer exaggerates. A dwelling that was burned every month would soon have nothing left for burning. Editors get so used to misrepresenting during the pendency of a Presidential campaign that you can't place much dependence on what they say.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is a poor week for shooting when an officer does not discover Abe Buzzard, "the Lancaster County outlaw," and shoot him full of bullets before he makes his escape. And he always manages to make his escape. When he is finally secured, it is believed he will be utilized as a lead-mine.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE base-ball season will soon be over, and the youth of the land will have an opportunity for cultivating a higher branch of mathematics than that employed in ascertaining the "standing" of each club in the league and of each player in each club.—*Lowell Citizen.*

FUR AND SEALSKIN GARMENTS.

C. C. Shayne, the well-known Wholesale Fur Manufacturer, 109 Prince Street, New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at lowest cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed free.

Warning!

It is not to be wondered at that most Americans are dyspeptics. Swallowing ice cold drinks on a hot summer day does the mischief. Why then not add ten drops of *Angostura Bitters*, the world-renowned tonic of exquisite flavor, and thus avoid all danger of cold in the stomach.

EDEN MUSÉE.—55 West 23d Street.
Open from 11 to 11. Sundays from 1 to 11. — Wonderful Tableaux and Groups in Wax—Chamber of Horrors—Trip round the World in 80 Days—Stereoscopic Views—Concerts in the Winter Garden every afternoon and evening. Admission to all, 50 cents. Children, 25 cents.

SAY JO! DID YOU SEE "EVANS' NEW SELF-INKER"? It beats all. A big press and script type outfit for \$5. Sample Cards and Catalogue sent free.
W. C. EVANS, 40 N. Ninth Street, Phila., Pa.



Print Your Own Cards Labels Etc.,

with our \$3 Printing Press. Larger sizes for circulars, &c., \$5 to \$75. For young or old, business or pleasure. Everything easy, printed directions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of presses, Type, Cards, &c., &c., to the factory. Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Conn.

A PRIZE.

Sold six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUX & Co., Augusta Maine.

RAWSON'S (Self-Adjusting) **U. S. ARMY SUSPENSORY BANDAGES.**

A Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Support, Relief, Comfort. Automatically Adjustable. Displacement Impossible. The individual wearing it will not be conscious of its presence. Lecture on Nervous Tension and Circular mailed free.

Sold by Druggists. (Every Band-ge) S. E. G. RAWSON, Patentee, Sent by mail safely. (Guaranteed.) Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with strong endorsements and photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for ten cents.

For Puck's Campaign Rates see first column of Page 68.



"I owe my
Restoration
to Health
and Beauty
to the
**CUTICURA
REMEDIES.**"

Testimonial of a
Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Torsures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the **CUTICURA REMEDIES.**

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from **CUTICURA**, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. **POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.**

PERISHABLE SHOES.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

Take an old rubber band, or a piece of elastic that has been kept a few months. Stretch it, and you will see that the rubber cracks and remains limp. This will show you the perishable nature of ordinary **CONGRESS SHOES**. The elastic sides of any Congress shoe are **sure to decay** and become worthless **UNLESS FRESH** when you buy them. Consequently you should be made aware of one important fact in order that you may purchase your shoes **INTELLIGENTLY**. Bear in mind that shoes which have been handled by middlemen may have been **plied up and held in stock for months**. It is true that these goods may look as well as ever, and the weakness of the elastics perhaps will not show until the shoes have been worn awhile. **Be cautious about buying Congress Shoes** which may have been **cheated by middlemen**. If you want to be safe, buy the **JAMES MEANS \$3 SHOE** which is **NOT** handled by any middlemen, but comes **FRESH** from the factory of James Means & Co., to the retailer.

WASTE NOT MONEY ON INFERIOR SHOES.

And do not pay extravagant prices. Wear

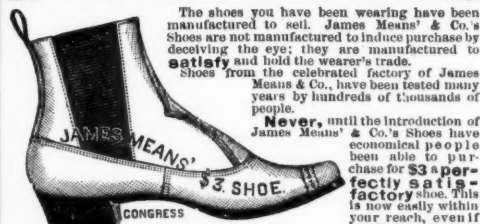
James Means' \$3 Shoe.

Finest Calf Skin, for Gentlemen's Wear.

Button, Lace and Congress.

ABSOLUTELY UNEQUALLED IN DURABILITY, COMFORT AND STYLE.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.



The shoes you have been wearing have been manufactured to sell. James Means' & Co.'s shoes are not manufactured to induce purchase by deceiving the eye; they are manufactured to satisfy and hold the wearer's trade. Shoes from the celebrated factory of James Means & Co., have been tested many years by hundreds of thousands of people.

Never, until the introduction of James Means' & Co.'s Shoes have economical people been able to purchase for \$3 a perfectly satisfactory shoe. This is now easily within your reach, even if you live in the most distant corner of the country. Ask your retailer for it, and if he can not supply you, send your address by postal card to

JAMES MEANS & CO., 41 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

WITH FIVE DOLLARS

YOU CAN SECURE A WHOLE DUCAL BRUNSWICK GOVERNMENT BOND.

These bonds are shares in a loan, the interest of which is paid out in premiums three times yearly. Every bond is entitled to

THREE DRAWINGS ANNUALLY. Until each and every bond is redeemed with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must draw one of the following premiums, as there are no blanks.

Premium	Reichsmarks	Reichsmarks
1	@ 50,000	150,000
1	@ 90,000	90,000
1	@ 60,000	60,000
1	@ 12,000	12,000
1	@ 10,800	10,800
1	@ 9,000	9,000
1	@ 7,500	7,500
2	@ 6,000	12,000
1	@ 3,600	3,600
1	@ 3,000	3,000
2	@ 1,800	3,600
30	@ 900	9,000
5	@ 225	1,125
6	@ 180	1,080
6	@ 105	630
7,640	@ 69	527,160

Together 7,700 premiums, amounting to 900,495 Reichsmarks.

The next redemption takes place on the

FIRST OF NOVEMBER.

And every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of November is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date.

Out-of-town orders sent in **REGISTERED LETTERS**, and inclosing \$5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing. Balance payable in monthly instalments. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address.

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO., 160 Fulton Street, cor. Broadway, New York City.

ESTABLISHED IN 1874.
The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, as lately decided by the Court of Appeals, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

N. B.—In writing please state that you saw this in English Puck.

[Continued.]
CHAPTER II.

wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

"Patients
"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!
From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.

People draw out of shape from excruciating pangs of Rheumatism. Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!

Erysipelas!
Salt Rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail Nature is heir to
Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

ANGOSTURA



BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.
51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

PERLE D'OR CHAMPAGNE

Dry and Extra Dry.

178 Duane St., N. Y.

PROSPECT BREWERY,

Cor. Eleventh and Oxford Sts.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The highly celebrated

BUDWEIS LAGER BEER

from this Brewery is particularly adapted to Export in Barrels as well as in Bottles. Its keeping qualities are unsurpassed. We also recommend our

HERCULES MALT WINE

as the purest, most wholesome, and cheapest Extract of Malt in existence.

AGENTS WANTED.

A. WEIDMANN & CO.,

306 BROADWAY,

Cor. Duane Street, NEW YORK.

Importers and Manufacturers of

TOYS, FIREWORKS,

Masks, Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles and other Material for Costumes, etc.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

A NEW YORK lady, who was very much afraid of the sea, was induced to take a trip on the steamboat to Coney Island. She did not show much alarm until the boat was fairly out at sea, when she suddenly turned pale and shuddered.

"What is the matter?" asked her husband.

"Just look at all those life-preservers!"

"Don't get scared," replied her husband, soothingly: "I dare say there is not one of them that is in order."—*Texas Siftings.*

A LOUISVILLE man has turned out some sort of electrical invention by which a man can lie in bed and fish. If he will now add an attachment that will lie about the size of the fish caught, he will remove a load of responsibility from the shoulders of the fisherman. It is not fishing that exhausts a man.—*Norristown Herald.*

ONE of the latest crazes in New York society is for educated parrots. They keep the young ladies company on stormy nights when the dudes do not call.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"It costs Queen Victoria \$3,500 a year for her chief cook." We should think she would find it much cheaper to take her meals at a restaurant.—*Norristown Herald.*

WHEN a man intends to publish a journal in France one of the first things he does is to take fencing lessons.—*Boston Post.*

"How shall I sleep?" asks a correspondent. Try to stay awake to catch some train.—*Milton News.*

"I have been dreadfully troubled with disease of the kidneys and liver during the past six months. HUNT'S (Kidney and Liver) REMEDY has made me a new man. Isaac W. Fairbrother, Providence, R. I.

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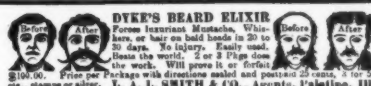
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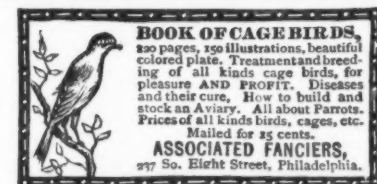
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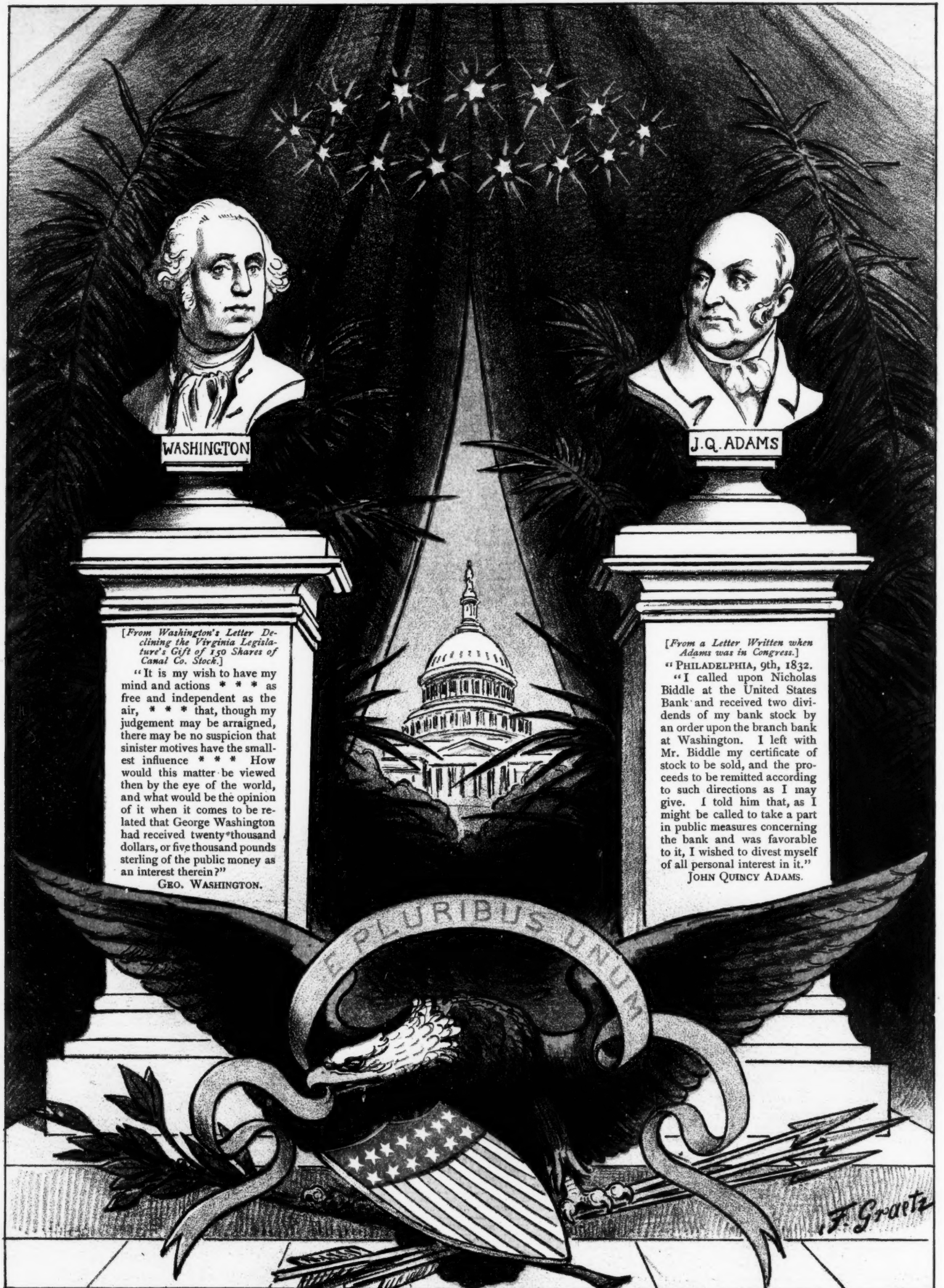
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